## LOTS OF WATER IN THEIRS.

BUT ON THE WHOLE THESE BLUE JACKETS WERE FAIRLY CONTENT, Tothey and Cranberry Sauce and Mince

ries and Cranberry sauce and Minee Fis and Celery and Nuts Help Jack to Pass a Gloomy Day—Result of a Rumor of a Boxing Bout on the Massachusetts. If there was a meaner patch of weather within fifty miles than the sample Uncle Sam's sailers got at the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterand the men over there don't want to see it. com one end to the other of the streaming seks. The ships looked deserted except for is occasional, sailor who, with his shoulders to to his ' and his bead down against the

is to his " ; and his best down against the ris, ran from one turret to another.

The miserable sentries at the gangways harsed furiously up and down in the rain, the eater dripping from their rubber hats and scats, their boots guzzling and gurgling with more water and their faces looking as it still a title more water would wash them away enstrair. They had the same expression observed on the face of a housemaid not long see. She was sitting on a packing box pulling sails and somebody asked her what she was

"I'm sayin' nothin' at all, at all, and thinkin' dama!" was the response.

The sentries at the warships yesterday did

not confine themselves to thinking, and, judging from their words, the tenor of their thoughts was the same as the housemaid's. as far as their looks went it might better have bee Back Friday than Thanksgiving Day. During the morning the yard was almost etad, but along toward noon an occasional erilian could be seen beating against the wind, his umbrella flapping like a sail in the blast. skirting carefully the wettest dry dock that ser was, the civilian would take a fiving leap to the scow which ferries across the basin.
The passengers were few, indeed. Now and then motherly looking woman with a big basket covered with olleloth would blew into the soow. The expression is used advisedly. Everybody blew in yesterday. It was a case of throwing dignity to the winds. If you didn't throw it, it went just the same.

The motherly old women were all askew as to their bonnets and their shoes gurgled al-most as much as the sentries' boots, but they had the olleloth tied snugly over the baskets and that was all they cared about. Most of them headed for the receiving ship, the Vermont, as soon as they got clear of the scow. The recruits were not so generously treated to shore leave as the men on the warships, so most of the baskets went Vermontward.

Nearest to the scow landing lay the Brookira, her gilt nose shining and her huge gray sides as wet as if she had been doing a submarine act. It was 12:30 when the wind hustled a Scs reporter through a hundred or more small lakes, swept him past the sentry, boosted him up the gangway, and tossed him costed him up the gangway, and tossed him into the presence of a very gloomy junior effect who was pulling on his white mittens and becoming officer of the deck. There was a bit of chelter here, and half a dozen sailors were crouched in a dry corner beside one of the big guns. The gloomy young officer mitted a wan and feeble smile when, the reporter mentioned Thanksgiving.

Messengaire!" he said in that loud, imprious tone which mere civilians try in vain to imitate.

Tessir!" A tall young sailor touched his worsted cap with one hand and cracked a fat lagish walnut with the other.

Messenger, what did you have for dinner?"

Turkey, sir: turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie and celery and mashed potatoes and cake and apples and bananas and soun.

"Year well. The"

"Very well. The"—
"And nuts," cracking another one.
"Evidently. The men had their dinner at 12 oclock. The officers will have theirs at sight, as usual; that is, those of them that their dinner at the control of the If celcok. The officers will nave theirs at mish, as usual; that is, those of them that est get away to dine somewhere else," and the young officer looked gloomier than ever. The fact is," he owned up, "those of us the can't get home for our Thankszivins are mitty glum, and we don't care much about sating a holiday of it. The junjor officers out as Brocklyn are woing to have a little eggnog vary this afternoon and will ask the juniors trom the other ships to come over. But that's all generally somebody gets up aports among themse. There is quite a large field over here, and we can have running matches and tugs of war and all that sort of thing. But what can you do aday like this? Besides, we have been so uncertain about our stay here that nobody cared to go ahead and plan anything. You might go below and see what the men are doing. They don't have to work to-day. Messengaire!"

might go below and see what the men are doing. They don't have to work to-day. Messengaire!"

The young tar came up at a trot, so that there was the hollow raitting of many nuts in his irousers pockets. He led the way below, to the cook's gailer, where there was so much te eat that at first it gave the visitor a tremendous appetite and next it took it away: then below again to the deck, where the men's tables were just being cleared—cleared, that is, of what the men had left. They had left a good deal, but it wouldn't have been worth much for: a Guegenheimer donation party. There were the skeletons of turkeys picked so elean that even the pet case wouldn't look twies at them. There were hears of banana skins and olles of nut shells. But, to prove that nobedy had gone hungry, there were also wramds of cake and dishes half full of mashed potatoes. They were eloquent tables. The men themselves were smoking their after-dinner pipes, and most of them talking at once. Some of them were sanuggled up in a warm soot, their noses in books, deaf and blind to all that was going on around them. A dozen games of cards were in progress, At east, it was dry and warm 'tween decks, and there was plenty of company. But somehow or other, though the men were dry and warm, they didn't seem to be so chock full of thanksgiving as they were of turky. They stole off one by one to the upper deck, where they found the gloomy young officer shivering in his greatecat, and to him they appealed in many and divers ways. Said one:

"I just got this here telegram, and I want to know, sir, if I can get shore leave to go an' see."

"Same old story?" inquired the officer, holding out his hand, the allower.

"Same old story?" inquired the officer, holding out his hand for the telegram.

Les, sir, "assents the man. Far be it from him to contradict an officer at so critical a moment. He is told to come back in an hour.

What's that boy doing up here, messenger?" demands the officer, indicating a youngster who is industriously touching his cap two feet away.

He wants to speak to you, sir."

"He wanto to speak to you, sir."

"He wanto to speak to you, sir."

"If you please, sir, can I go over to the Massachusetts to see a friend of mine?"

Come back in an hour. Haven't received instructions yet."

The 'friends on the Massachusetts' were more plentiful vesterday than they ever were before. The officers on 'he Brooklyn, the Indiana and the other ships couldn't make out for a long time way the Massachusetts men had suddenly become so popular. The mysery was solved when it leaked out that the Massachusetts crew had arranged a boxing match of twenty rounds between two of their best fishters.

About 1 o'clock business grew livelier for the seow. Liberty parties loaded it going out, and visiting civilians were more plentiful combisting civilians were squads of thirty of more saliors starting out with shore leave. Almost or quite half of each ship's list had slore leave yesterday, and in spite of the wather, the men who had to stay aboard ship were for the most part a glum and disarpointed crew. Of course, they made the best of the and on the Indiana there was an air of resignation which was so cheerful that it coked quite like content. Up in the charthouse three or four men were snuggled down into warm corners. reading as placidly as if alore leave had never been invented. Hetween decks, too, the men seemed to be which occurried in keening warm, and when any of them sarted of into the storm, those who were left behind baile them an impressive farewell.

Although the ones who didn't get shore leave seemed, like the gioomy young offleer, to feel that it was a poor specimen of a Thankegiving last, they really had more to be thankful for han the liberty parties. Half of the sailors who got of had no overconts, and were shivering machinery in the scow and tried to get a start, in. said one mournfully. The rest large, in.

Am.

A wish I was in as dry a place as my pea-starts in," said one, mournfully. The rest

sett's in." said one, mournfully. The rest anghed, "Ain't you both in soak to-day?"

By this time the rain was changing to sleet, and the wind was bitter cold. It whistled would the wind was bitter cold. It whistled would the yent turrets and slipped into the sea squarters. The decks, instead of streaming with water, were slippery with half-frozen slash. The Indianas rooster, like Kears's owi, for all his feathers, was a-cold." and roosted a steam pipe. Tender hands put Billy for blanket on him. Billy Boy is the Brook-ma roat. Cervera, the Brooklyn's cat, took up warm quarters in the onion barrel. There are none too many doors on a warship, and transit portieres at the head of a sangway hour there was, as before remarked, as sean a patch of weather around Uncle ham's sean in the mean weather clerk could continue and though shore leaves were more singly hough there was a mean weather clerk could continue and though shore leaves were more shifted by is a blot on the calendar, anyway, a man without a home for testimony continue for the sam's are sear were few kicks and a good many waters coming from the bit of the navy in sealing yesterday.

MOVED THE SIGN FROM FIRGINIA.

Before-the-War Merchant Comes to New York and Offers "Merchandise for Cash." The man from the South who comes to the North and engages in business on his own book does not adopt quickly the Northern way of advertising. A Sun reporter was attracted to a shop by this sign:

MERCHANDISE FOR CASH.

The proprietor said, in old-time Virginia ac ent, that he had formerly lived in Norfolk where he had been in business for nearly fifts

years.
"I sold nearly everything," he said. "In the cities of the South the merchant has to keep everything that a customer wants. Your big lepartment stores in New York are simply the old-time country store of the South on a larger scale. I remember when I was clerk in my father's store a wealthy woman from one of the plantations came in and her man followed with a stone jug. She didn't ask what we kept She knew. All customers knew the stock of their dealer. I remember she said to my father: 'Fill the jug with your best New Or eans molasses and while it is running I will look as your new dress goods.' Now that was all right then. The remark caused no comall right then. The remark caused no comment. She knew, the weather was cold, that molasses in winter is mighty slow. And she knew she would have time to look at dress goods while the jug was filling. How often I have seen that in the old store is the South."

Your sign reads, Merchandise for Cash. It is an odd one in this country. Business of every kind is, virtually, a cash transaction in the North, "said TRE Sun reporter.

"I know that," was the reply. "It was an old sign. You can see that. It was painted before the civil war and I brought it with me. That sign was painted in Richmond and shipped to Norfolk by a man who was in Stonewall Jackson's army."

"What merchandise is included in your business?"

Just eggs and butter, principally. Occasionally I deal in cheese and sometimes some Virginia or Southern vegetable that is scarce in New York. Here is one of my eards." The type was old style. The cards were printed in Norfolk. Eliminating name and address the card read:

MERCHANDISE FOR CASH. Keeps Constantly on Hand and Expects to Receive Daily Fresh Butter and Fresh Eggs. At the Lowest Market Prices.

It was a copy, "as far as it went." of the ad-ertisement of his father in the home news-

Patronage Respectfully Solicited and Competition Defied.

It was a copy, as far as it went, or the advertisement of his father in the home newspaper.

"He enumerated nearly everything he had for sale," said the merchaut, "and the price was attached to every article. When the prices fluctuated my father would note the changes, and I was sent to the newspaper office with the changes, and the figures in the advertisement were corrected in the next issue of the newspaper. Otherwise the advertisement remained unchanged for a year."

"Shall you advertise in New York?"

"I have not done so yet, and do not think I shall. No one has been to see me yet about advertising. I suppose it is very high here. When a man goes in business in a Southern town about the first caller he has is the man who wants an advertisement. And when it appears the local editor comes around and gets acquainted and writes up a 'puff' for the merchant, and then the editor comes around afterward and opens an account. And the merchandise account and the newspaper account kind o' seesaw for the year. Sometimes the editor is shead and sometimes the merchant."

"You are late in removing your business to

merchant."

You are late in removing your business to New York?"

For myself, yes. But my boys will soon New York?"
"For myself, yes. But my boys will soon be ready to go into business, and my daughter, who is finishing her musical education abroad, will be home in the early spring. And we thought we'd move to New York."

A PROBLEM AT TRENTON PRISON.

The Result of a Visit of Mrs. Francis, Christian Scientist, of Washington, D. C.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 24.-The State prison authorities here have to decide an interesting question that has arisen through a visit to the institution to-day by Mrs. Francis of Washington, D.C., who is a disciple of Chris-tian Science. The problem to be solved is where Christian Science begins as a religious faith and ends as a form of medical practice. There are in the prison many persons sentensed in the District of Columbia, While they were in jail there some of them were converted to Christian Science by Mrs. Francis. To-day she applied at the prison for permission to visit and talk to her converts in furtherance of her work. She was referred to Dr. Brewer, the assistant physician of the institution, who told her that the New Jersey laws were strict against the practicing of medicine or any form of cure unless the practitioner had a dicloma from a reputable school or college of medicine. The State would in no way interfere with her religious work, but she must be careful not to violate the law. no way interfere with her religious work, but she must be careful not to violate the law. The dector said he had no knowledge of the new faith and that Mrs. Francis must herself determine where medical practice ended and religious teaching began. Mrs. Francis promised to keep within the law, and was then permitted to converse with the prisoners whom she named. Before leaving she had a long talk with Dr. Brewer and endeavored to convert him to the new faith, but the doctor was too strongly inclined in favor of the allopathic system and his own Church to believe that "there is nothing so material about disease as to prevent its cure by a belief that it does not exist."

Dr. Brewer said that one of Mrs. Francis's converts was in the hospital recently suffering from asthma. He sent for Dr. Brewer, who, knowing of the man's belief, told nim that, according to Christian Science, there was nothing the matter with him, that he had evidently forgotten the first principles of his new religious belief, and should be back in his cell. The prisoner said he agreed with the doctor and returned to his cell. The next day, however, he sent for the physician and told him that there was something wrang with the astence, as it had failed to help him. He asked for medicine, which soon relieved his trouble.

BOYS DOING THE BEAR KILLING Warren Potter, Aged 15, Keeps Up the Sul-

livan County Record. PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Nov. 24.-Boys seem to e doing the bear killing in Sullivan county this season. A few days ago THE SUN published by a 16-year-old lad, who, in the company of a party of old hunters, displayed a superior marksmanship in bringing down a 300-pound bear. There now comes a story from Potter-ville of how Warren Potter, aged 15, son of W. F. Potter of that place, killed a bear weighing

P. Potter of that place, killed a bear weighing 200 pounds.
During the summer the residents of Potter-ville saw frequent traces of a bear, which climbed their apple trees and ate the best fruit. All efforts to capture the animal falled. A few days ago Warren Potter and his father were hunting in a ravine along Vernoosy Kill, when they came suddenly upon a black bear. The father was dazed at the sudden appearance of Bruin and started to retreat, but young Potter slipped the shell loaded with bird shot out of his gun, replaced if with a ball cartridge and fired, striking the bear in the foreless. This maddened the animal and it charged on the father, but before it reached Mr. Potter his son planted a bullet squarely in its head, killing it instantly.

.Threw Himself Before a Trolley. Frank McGirr, a coachman, 50 years old, of 126 Mercer street, Jersey City, threw himself in front of a Montgomery street trolley car

near Washington street early yesterday morn-ing. The car was almost upon him when Po-liceman Pangborn dragged him from the track. McGirr gave the policeman a hard fight. He was locked up in the Gregory street station. He was fined \$5 in the First Criminal Court. He has been out of work for several months. Women's National War Relief.

The Women's National War Relief Associaion, by a vote of the Board of Directors at its lion, by a voice of the Board of Directors at its last meeting, will close all outside work as an association on Nov. 30. A meeting of the directors will be held on Dec. 15 to act upon the general report of work done during the war with Spain. This report is to be printed, and the association, having accomplished the objects for which it was organized, will then be dissolved.

The Cruiser Panther to Sail for Porto Rico WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—The auxiliary cruiser Panther will soon sail from League Island for San Juan, Porto Bico. She will be attached to that station permanently, subject to the orders of Commander A. Show, Commandant of the United States naval station there.

Engaged to Miss Clara Dittenhoffer. SCHANTON, Pa., Nov. 24.-The engagement was announced formally to-day of Bernard Long, a member of the firm of Jonas Long's Sons, the largest and wealthiest merchants in Lortheastern Pennsylvania, to Miss Clara Dit-tenhoffer of New York city. A WINTRY THANKSGIVING.

SLEET AND SNOW CHANGE THE FACE

Sun Didn't Show Itself All Day and Outdoor Sports Got an Arctic Snubbing-Dinner for All Comers, Though-Immigrants In-quire When Next Thanksgiving Comes.

It was a fortunate thing that the American so that the impetus carried them right through the weather. The rain and wind in the morning and the snow and wind in the afternoon combined to make it one of the most miserabl days of a decade as to weather, and the plans of thousands in this city alone were destroyed. It was the weather that was responsible for making thousands miss the best pulpit oratory

Not once did the sun show itself. The local veather forecaster had predicted rain and snow for the day before, when nobody would have minded them much. But they got here just in time to spoil one of the most popular holidays of the year. They spoiled many of the athletic events scheduled for the day, and made weary the hearts of the myriad of bicyclists, who never bother with anything but their wheels when a holiday comes around. The day began with rain and the weather got worse steadily. The rain changed to sleet and then to snow and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon northwest wind was blowing at the rate of thirty-four miles an hour, the thermomete

thirty-four miles an hour, the thermometer registered 32°, and the snow was falling faster and faster out of gray clouds that had brought injeth prematurely on.

But the weather did not hurt the dinners. In a dozen different places in the city turkey with cranberry sauce, mince pies, pumpkin pies and lots of other good things were served to everybody who was hungry, and hundreds of homeless men were benefited. There were turkey dinners in the city prisons and other institutions. At the Five Points House of Industry 400 boys and girls sat down to their turkey dinner at once with 400 healthy appetites. When the children had finished and been marched back to their playrooms, the doors were thrown open to the poor who are annually fed at this institution. Sixteen hundred nounds of turkey, 400 mince pies and great stacks of other good things were distributed among something like 1,200 poor men and women between 2 and 6 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the children gave an entertainment in the House of Industry chasel, winding up the day by singing the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Across the park, at the Five Points Mission.

ment in the House of Industry chasel, winding up the day by singing the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Across the park, at the Five Points Mission. 700 children were fed on turkey, ple, and other things, and several hundred poor were cared for. The children at the Home for the Friendless, at 29 East Twenty-ninth street, sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner at 12:30 o'clock and didn't quit eating until almost 2 o'clock. Then they had an entertainment, consisting of songs and recitations and a Thanksgiving day talk by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Sanders. At the twelve industrial schools which are branches of this home there were also dinners and entertainments for the children.

Down at the Barge Office Emil Schwab, who looks after the detained immigrants, gave a turkey dinner to forty or fifty of them yesterday. The immigrants didn't understand why the elaborate feed was put before them, but they sailed into it in good style, and when an interpreter explained the situation to them afterward they concluded that the American Thanksgiving Day was a pretty good institution, and one of them wanted to know how many times a year it came around. The Children's Aid Scolety fed a host of newsboys in different parts of the city, and nearly a thousand destitute men and boys got a Thanksgiving dinner at the Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Miss Helen Gould gave a dinner to soldiers at the house of the Soldiers' Comfort Committee, at 316 East Fifteenth street, and the King's Daughters' Settlement in Henry street saw to it that poor east side families had the right sort of food for the day on their tables. Railroad men away from home, and many who were not railroad men, were regaled on turkey and the usual accessories at the Railroad Men's building. 361 Madison avenue. Dinner was served from 11:30 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the evening, and at 8 o'clock there was an entertainment, to which Paul Kammerer was the chief contributor. There were turkey, cranberry sauce, pie and even eigars without number in all o

DIED OF A FRACTURED SKULL. Ryan's Friends Believe He Was Assaulted

and Bebbed on the Street. John J. Ryan, 40 years old, of 849 Ninth avenue, died yesterday in Roosevelt Hospital of a fractured skull. He was found lying uncon scious on the sidewalk at Eleventh avenue and Forty-second street early on Tuesday morning His friends believe he was sandbagged and robbed. They say that he was not a drinking man, and therefore not likely to have been intoxicated. Byan was formerly employed as a salesman, but latterly was a collector for a housefurnishing store. The police of the West Thirty-seventh street station, who are investigating the case, believe that Ryan's injuries were due to a fall.

BURGLARS IN EIGHTH AVENUE. ockey's Drug Store and a Sul the Post Office Robbed.

The drug store of Walter S. Bockey, at 503 Eighth avenue, was entered by burglars at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The thieves effect ed an entrance by forcing two iron bars of a rear window. They carried away \$220 worth of toilet articles and other things of value. They also took \$6 from the stamps drawer of the New York Post Office sub-station that is in the store. There have been a number of similar burglaries in that neighborhood recently.

Sons of North Carolina Will Drop Dancy. John C. Dancy, the Collector of the Port at Wilmington, N. C., who recently left his balliwick for New York on account of the race riots in Wilmington, finds himself between the devil and the deep sea. Dancy, on last Sunday, gave out an interview, in which he semi-apologize out an interview, in which he semi-apologized for the conduct of the whites of Wilmington during the riot. The Society of the Bons of North Carolina, which has a membership of some 300 or 400, will have a meeting during the week. Dancy is an honorary member of the society, but the members are antagonistic to his views on the Wilmington episode, and Charles E. Brooks, one of the active members of the society, says that at the meeting of the society Mr. Dancy will be dropped from the roll.

Navy Yard Notes.

The battleship Texas, in command of Capt Charles D. Sigsbee, left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the Tompkinsville anchorage at 11 o'clock yesterday morning.

The cruiser Buffalo will sail for Manila to

The cruiser Buffalo will sail for Manila to-day. She will go by way of the Suez Canal. The vessel started three weeks ago, but had to return to the yard for repairs to her machinery. The football game between the marines and sailors of the cruiser Brockyn did not take place yesterday afternoon, owing to the storm. The sailors and marines on board all the ves-sels had a Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and plum duff.

Yeoman George H. Ellis to Be Buried or

The funeral of Chief Yeoman George H. Ellis of the cruiser Brooklyn, the only man killed in the battle off Santiago, will take place on Sun day afternoon from 15 Greene avenue, the day afternoon from 15 Greene avenue, the home of J. W. Sawyer. Ellis's brother-in-law, A delegation from the crew of the Brooklyn will probably be present. The services will be conducted by the Rev. Robert MacDonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, of which Yeoman Ellis was a member. The interment will be in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

Trying to Drive Out German Painters. The painters represented in the Building Trades Council have ordered strikes on a large building at Nineteenth street and Broadway and on the Empire building, at Broadway and Beade street. They object to the employment of members of the German Painters' Union, which is not represented in the council. Today an effort is to be made to induce other trades represented in the council to strike in sympathy, and thus compel the discharge of the German painters.

Palmer-Hulbert.

Miss Abby Hulbert, a daughter of George S Hulbert of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York publishers, and Harry Crowell Palmer were publishers, and Harry Crowell Faimer were married last evening in Arlington Avenue Prosbyterian Church, East Orange, by the Rev. John M. Thomas. Miss Hazel Hulbert, a sister of the bride, and Miss Annie Howard of Montciair were the brideamaids. Russell H. Palmer, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man. After the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 139 Arlington avenue.

Mrs. Pullman to Have \$9,000 a Month. CHICAGO, Nov. 24.-By an order of the Pro saat, Mrs. Hattie S. Pullman, widow of George M. Pullman, will receive \$9,000 a month as her share of the estate. An account of the executors of the estate showing that \$83,734 has already been paid to Mrs. Pullman was approved by Judge Kohlssat. THE MOREGAN INCUERY.

Quartermaster Juddery Declares That the Officers and Men Did Their Duty,

Special Cable Desputch to THE STN. LONDON, Nov. 24.—The inquiry into the cir-cumstances of the loss of the Atlantic Transport line steamer Mohegan, which was ad-journed on Nov. 12, was resumed this morning. Quartermaster Juddery testified that he steered the Mohegan between the Isle of Wight and Portland, the course being west three-quarters north. He gave the same course to the man who relieved him at the wheel. It was impossible, he said, to light the oil lamps after the ship struck, as the lamp room was aubmerged.

Quartermaster Juddery said he saw Capt Griffiths come out of the wheelhouse at 4:15 P. M. He also saw him near the wheelhouse when the ship was off Eddystone light, and heard him say "all right."

The witness described the conduct of every one after the socident as excellent. He heard

the Captain cheering the men and urging them to care for the women and children. When the witness finally took refuge in the rigging the chief officer bade him good-by and said: "I think we did our best."

TWO NEW RED STAR LINERS. To Be Built on the Clyde for the Interna-

tional Navigation Company. Special Cable Despatch to Tun Sun. GLASGOW, Nov. 24.-The Glasgow Herald pubishes the report that orders for the construction of six transatiantic liners have been placed with British shipbuilding firms. The vessels are nominally to be built for the American line.

but are intended for the Red Star service.

James A. Wright. Second Vice-President of Bowling Green, which controls both the American and the Red Star lines, said yesterday that the basis of this report is an order just placed with the firm of J. & G. Thompson, builders of the Paris and other transatlantic liners, for two new vessels to be built on the Ciyde, which will enter the Beigian-American service of the Bed Star line and fly the Belgian flag. Each will carry both cargo and passengers, and will be 569 feet over all. They should be completed in about eighteen months.

A DUEL IN BUDAPEST.

Herr Perczel, Minister of the Interior, Wounded by Deputy Hollo.

Special Cable Despatch to Tun Burs. BUDAPEST, Nov. 24.—Herr Peresel, Hungarian Minister of the Interior, was wounded in a duel to-day by Ludwig Hollo, a member of the Independent party in the Chamber of Deputies. Hollo became incensed at the speech delivered by Herr Perezel in the Chamber on Tues-

ITALYS ULTIMATUM TO MOROCCO. She Gives the Sultan Eight Days to Pay for

Special Cable Despuich to THE SUS. TANGIER, Nov. 24.-The Italian Government as sent an ultimatum to the Moorish Court demanding reparation for the detention and ill treatment of Italian protégés, giving the Sultan eight days to reply. The Italian warship Umbriz is coming here to receive the Sultan's

The Reform Party Getting on Top in Corea. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUR.

YOROHAMA, Nov. 24.-Advices from Seoul say that the Reform party in Corea is gaining ground, and under its influence various offi-cials have been banished. The Emperor has

assured the foreign Ministers of his desire to institute reforms Proposed Educational Reforms in Spain. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. Madrid, Nov. 24.-The Saragossa Commis-

sion of the Spanish Chambers of Commerce has approved the public education scheme, which includes gratuitous and obligatory education and the creation of agricultural and commer-The Kaiser Homeward Bound,

Special Cable Desputch to THE BUN. MUNICH, Nov. 24.-The Kaiser arrived here,

on his way to Berlin, at 11:30 o'clock to-day. He remained here only long enough to take luncheon, after which he resumed his journey. Col. Picquart to Be Tried by Court-Martial. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

Paris, Nov. 24. - Gen. Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris, has signed an order for the court-martial of Col. Picquart on charges of forgery and the use of forged documents. The court will meet on Dec. 12.

Mme. Dreyfus Permitted to Telegraph to Her Husband.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN Paris, Nov. 24.-The Colonial Minister has authorized Mme. Dreyfus to communicate with

her husband by telegraph.

T. P. O'Connor Drops His Libel Suit. Special Cable Despetch to THE BUR. LONDON, Nov. 24.-Thomas Power O'Connor has discontinued his action for libel against the author and publishers of Barry O'Brien's

Sleigh-Racing for Magnums.

George Fennel of 67 West 118th street won the magnum of champagne waiting yesterday afternoon at Huber's roadhouse, 162d street and Jerome avenue, for the first sleigh of the season. He had a pretty race from Macomb's Dam to the roadhouse, as four other ambitious Dam to the roadhouse, as four cheramothous drivers were on the same errand. He arrived at 4:30 o'clock. H. G. Peters of 65 West 118th street was the first one to reach the roadhouse at the junction of 8t. Nicholas and Lenox avenues and 110th street. He arrived at 5:55 o'clock and the

street. He arrived at 5:55 o'clock and the magnum was soon emptied.
Charles A. Warren of 1575 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, stopped at Bader's Hotel, corner of Fort Hamilton and Coney Island avenues, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, where he received the annual prize of a quart of champagne and a driving whip. Seven sleighs and cutters arrived at Ocean Parkway between 5 and 8 o'clock, all having been driven out from Brooklyn.

To Be Sent Back to a Rhode Island Asylum. Hannisbung, Pa., Nov. 24.—A petition was presented to the Board of Pardons to release James J. McGunnigle, alias George Wilson Barrett, from the Western Penitentiary and transfer him to the Rhode Island State Insane Asylum at Howard, R. I. McGunnigle was the self-confessed assailant of Louis Leisthe self-confessed assailant of Louis Leis-ter, who was shot and robbed in his father's hotel at Huntingdon on July 20 last. McGun-nigle was committed to prison on Sept. 12, and after pleading guilty protested his innosence. It was afterward discovered that the prisoner had been an inmate of the Rhode Island asylum and had not escaped until seven days after the burglary. The change was recom-mended.

Forty-five compressed air workers employed on the Willis avenue bridge over the Harlem River have been ordered to strike because of the employment of non-union men and the alleged violation of an agreement. It was stated

Compressed Air Workers Strike.

yesterday that J. Rogers & Sons, the contrac-tors, have now arranged to put non-union col-ored men and Italians to work, and that before the strike they had agreed with the Com-pressed Air Workers' Union to employ none but union men. A general sympathetic strike of the other trades is threatened on the bridge to-day. Boatman Burns Missed His Footing and Was Drowned. Edward Burns, 24 years old, a boatman, of

morning while attempting to board his boat at Pler 6, North River. He missed his footing and fell into the slip. Before aid could reach him he sank. His body was recovered a few hours later. Where Yesterday's Fires Were. A. M .- 12:50, 152d street and Amsterdam avenue

Giens Falls, N. Y., was drowned yesterday

police stable, damage trifling; 1:15, 47 Fast Nine-teenth street, A. C. Grimes, damage \$5,000; 8:10, 507 West Fifty-first street, damage \$200; 9:40, 1050 Park avenue, Joseph W. Barry, damage \$10; 9:50, 11 Clinton street, Moritz Perasky, damage trifling: 10 617 Eighth avenue, John B. Quinlan, damage triding; 11:35, 159 and 161 West Fifty-third street, church, damage 8150.

F. M.—12:50, 516 West Fiftieth street. M. Valentime, damage triding; 3:30, 154 East Thirty-ninth street, blum Ford, damage \$15; 6:30, 145 Fersyth street, Booky Josky, damage triding.

RUM TRAP FOR BURGLARS.

A SUBURBAN EXPERIMENT THAT LEFT OUT THE COOK.

tudy, by a Man Who Had Been Robbed Twice, of the Aspirations and Hopes of Burgiars-Device to Catch Them That

Seemed Perfect-Other Men Thirsty, Too. "It is as easy to eatch burglars if you make a alight study of their habits as it is to catch files if you spread good flypaper for them." said Mr. Suburbanite compously, "There is an erro-neous impression that burglars are not human; that their joys are different from other peoples' and that, during the season, they burgle by night and plot by day, being too intent on amassing ill-gotten spoils to relax their disci-pline even for a moment. This is wrong, as a little reflection will prove

"My attention was attracted to this field for investigation after my house had been robbed for the second time this fall. The work was done by professionals on each occasion, and by way of a trademark they left behind all our plated ware with a hole burned through the plate of each piece by acid. It was unkind of them, but then you can't expect a professional to burden himself with plated ware, and it was all in their line of business, anyway. These two cleanouts were accomplished despite an electric burglar alarm and a flerce dog. It occurred to me then that instead of relying on electricity and a dog it might be well to make a personal study of a few burglars in captivity and as a result of my observations devise some

new schemes for fooling them.
"Several days later the newspapers announced that the New York police had captured three well-known professional housebreakers. and, making my own losses an excuse for the visit, I went to Police Headquarters and asked for an opportunity to see them. They were not strapping big fellows, as I had expected, and sone of them carried a dark lantern. I talked with the leader of the gang, and he readily answered my questions about his age and his name. He volunteered the information that is picture was 1837 in the Rogues' Gallery, and the scamp was actually proud of it. You are a bright appearing fellow, said I

'and I don't see why you should be a burglar Why are you a burglar?' "'Will you promise not to tell the police if I tell you?' he asked anxiously.

" I will, said I, solemnly. "'Lean over till I whisper it,' he said, and as leaned near him he whispered, 'I burgle to

"'Lean ovar till I whisper it,' he said, and as I leaned near him he whispered, 'I burgle to buy rum."

"Bum'! said I. 'What's deprayed taste!"

"Isn't it?' said he, 'but me an' me friends have it bad. We steal for rum.'

Before I could pursue this interesting subject further the Detective Sergeant hustled the men back to their cells. I felt, however, that I was on the verge of a great discovery, and rum was its keynote. I bride myself, you know, on being logical. By deductions which were not extraordinary, I solved the burgiar problem to my own satisfaction. Professional burgisrs stole for rum. The silver and jowels which they gathered were translated into rum by means of the pawashop. If they had such a thirst for rum why not place rum where they might get it before they gathered in your silver-ware. Don't you see the simplicity and beauty of the scheme? Just place a generous quantity of rum on your dining-room table at night with slight luncheon to help it along, very much as you would spread flyaper. Enter a burgiar or burgiars, who find the rum and drink it to a state of intoxication. In the morning you descend to your dining room, tie up your burgiars and summon the police. That is much less expensive than losing your silver and having your plated ware cut up with acid. Have I tested it? Well, yes, after the fashion that exceptions prove the rule. I filled a large decanter with the strongest rum I could buy, and every night for a week I left it on my dising room table with glasses and a light luncheon handy. I slept soundly those nights. If any noise had aroused me I would have concluded that it was made by a professional burgiar drinking my rum, and when I wanted to eatch him in the morning I would find him helpless. Two mornings ago as I came down to breakfast the cook said:

"We've been touched again, sir, and all the new silver is gone and the plated ware ruined."

"Let no one enter the dining room until I examine it,' I said.

"Her story was true, and there on the table was my rom decanter empty and

"Of m glad Oi chated the beggar out of some of the run, though me conscience pricked me at the toime. Ut did, sout did." What is your meaning, Bridget? said I. "Ut was this way, sorr, said Bridget. The iceman is me stiddy, sorr, an he told me how the doctor had recommended rum for his troat like, an as you didn't drink ut, sorr, Oi gave him a little."

the doctor had recommended rum for his t'roat like, an, 'as you didn't drink ut, sorr, Oi gave him a little.'

"'How often. Bridget?'

"Onct every hour for three evenings, sorr.'

"But the decanter was full, I said.

"That's one on the burglar, sorr,' said Bridget. I very time Oi took out a drink Oi poured in like a little water, sorr.'

"That was why my burglar trap didn't work. There was just enough rum in the water to inspire him for his work. It's all right now, though. I have a bottle of rum for the leeman's throat, and Bridget keeps that. The decanter is filled with the strongest kind of rum, and I have warned Bridget never to touch it, because it's poisoned. I have taken down my burglar slarm and given away my dog. I have industriously spread the report that I have bought a lot of solid silver, and I will guarantee that the next burglar who comes for it will run up sgainst that rum and perish miserably in the attempt to satisfy his thirst. It's so simple that I wonder some man did not discover it before."

Canal Boat Captain Killed by Coal Gas. Capt. Oscar Hedberg of the barge Live Oak, lying at the foot of Fourteenth street, Brook-lyn, visited the canal boat Thomas Edgar and from the Canal Compton, the Captain of the Edgar, dead in his cabin. An ambulance surgeon who was summoned said that death was due to suffocation by coal gas that had escaped from a small stove in the cabin. Compton was 25 years old and lived at 46 Conover street.

Weakness. Weakness.

Just as we sometimes set a tree or pole a pparently strong and sound come rushing down with a sudden crash because of some undetected process of decay, so no matter how good an appearance a woman may present, if she is subject to any hidden weakness, gradually sapping away and undermining her vitality, some day her entire constitution will give way and leave her a prostrate physical wreck. The average doctor gives a little something for the headache and a little something for the headache and a little something for the backache and still another thing for the beakache and still another thing for the beakache and still another thing for the breves and so on, never once reaching the hidden weakness in the distinctly feminine organism.

The wast experience and special practice of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., in treating women's diseases, enables him to understand and cope successfully with these particular ailments. Any woman may feel the utmost confidence in consulting him by mail. She will receive, free of cost, sound Just as we

utmost confidence is consulting him by mail. She will receive, free of cost, sound professional advice whereby her health may, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be promptly and permanently restored. All correspondence is held to be sacredly confidential.

All correspondence is held to be sacredly confidential.

A lady living in Coshocton Co., Ohio, Mrs. W. T. Stanton, of Hissfield, writes: "I had female weakness very bad for nearly three years. Had dragging down pains in and above my hips and such dreadful pains in the back and top of my head (just as though someone was lifting me by the hair). Had no ambition, would try to work a few days then would have to lie in bed for a long time. No tongue can express the suffering I endured. I had much pain at mouthly periods. I doctored most of the time with as good a physician as there is in the state, but had no case only when I was quiet and off my feet and then I had more or less pain in my head. When I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I weighed top pounds, and was very pale and weak. I took twelve bottles of his 'Paverite Prescription' and seven of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.'
Now I feel like a different person. Have no pain in my head, can do all the work for myself, husband and ose child, am gaionig in fiesh. I feel it is through God's mercy and your wondered.

WILL BE HARDER TO MANAGE.

Increase in the Kings County Democratic

Those who are ambitious to enjoy the honor of sitting as delegates in the Democratic General Committee of Kings county have figured out that there will be a considerable increasin the size of that body when the new committee is chosen. The immediate lieutenants of Hugh McLaughlin, as well as the district leaders, have also figured out the increase. They do not like it. The desire has been to have the General Committee and the Assembly district committees as small as possible, in order to make easy the work of manipulation.

Prior to the last reorganization of the party machinery the membership in the General Committee was fixed at ten from each district, making a total of 210 for the twenty-one districts. At present the representation of the several districts in the General Committee is based on the vote cast for Governor, there being one delegate for 282 votes for the regular Democratic nominee. The Kings county Democrate made a poor showing in the Black-Porter campaign two years ago. The total Democratic vote for their candidate was 80,285.

The support given to Van Wyck in his home county this year increased the Democratic vote by about 21,000 in Kings county, and on that basis the new committee will be formed. There will be an increase in the membership of about 20 per cent. The lacrease in some of the districts will be comparatively small. In one or two districts, however, it will be marked. The Seventeenth, for example, will have almost double its present representation in the committee. This is the district in which Augustus Van Wyck lives. lo not like it. The desire has been to

TWO VICTIMS OF MORPHINE. Both Found in Brooklyn-One a Colored We

man and the Other a Young White Man. George Thompson, colored, 35 years old, of 13 Downing street, while walking in Fulton street, near Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, saw a colored woman clad only in a bath robe and a pair of slippers walking about in a dazed way. He took her home, and earned that she was Annie Kimble, 37 years old, of 647 Atlantic avenue. He notified the

old, of 647 Atlantic avenue. He notified the police, and the woman was taken to the Cumberland Street Hospital by Ambulance Surgeon Chamberlain, who said she was a victim of the morphine habit.

The police of the Fulton street station found a young man on Fulton street, near the bridge entrance, resterday morning. He was in a stupor, and Ambulance Surgeon Brewster took him to the Long Island College Hospital. He was suffering from the effects of morphine. He is Frank Duval, 20 years old, of 205 State street, and the police say that he has been picked up at least half a dozen times suffering from morphine.

CATHOLIC HOME DEDICATED.

Archbishop Corrigan Conducts the Exercises at St. Elizabeth's, Staten Island. The new building for girls at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mount Loretto, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, to be known as St. Elizabeth's Home, was dedicated yesterday Archbishop Corrigan conducted the exercises which were held in the chapel of the new building. The Archbishop acted as celebrant and

was assisted by the Rev. James J. Dougherty, superior of the mission, who acted as deacon of honor, and by his secretary, the Rev. Father Thomas Mynan, who was master of ceremonies. Mgr. Mooney preached the sermon, giving the history of the mission, which was founded by the late Father Drumgoole.

The building, a brick structure of four stories, is at the southerly end of the large mission arounds and faces Prince's Bay. It is of colonial architecture and is 252 feet long. The centre, which contains a large thapel and assembly room, is eighty feet deep, and the wo wings are each sixty feet deep. The building will accommodate 500 girls and fifty Sisters of Charity. was assisted by the Rev. James J. Dougherty

CLEANING UP THE EAST SIDE. Chapman Sends a Score of Women to Court -Raids in the Fourteenth.

Police Captain Chapman took charge of the Eldridge street precinct at midnight on Wednesday, and, although he gave no special instructions to his men, his presence began to bear
fruit at once, as was evidenced by the number
and character of the prisoners arraigned yesterday in the Essex Market Court. Over twenty
disorderly women were in the crowd. No such
sight had been seen before in that court for
months. The women were all fined.
Acting Capt. Diamond of the Fifth street
station forced all the "barkers" in front of the
Bowery concerts to keep out of sight yesterday. Then he raided a "stuss" game at 284
Houston street and arrested thirteen players.
Last night, accompanied by Detectives
O'Connor and Lynch, he raided the house
at 238 Ninth street. Mrs. Annie Kranich and
eighteen inmates were arrested. The place had
a cigar store in front as a blind. Capt. Diamond has also served notice on the liquor
dealers in his precinct that he intends to enforce the liquor law rigidly. day, and, although he gave no special instruc-

HADN'T BEEN SOBER IN SIX YEARS. Thomas Wellington Dies of Alcoholism in

as Wellington, 29 years old, of 370 Se enth avenue, was committed in the West Fifty ourth Street Court yesterday to the Island fo six months for soliciting alms on Sixth avenue. He was to have begun his term to-dag, but last night he was taken ill in the court prison and died within an hour. His case was diagnosed as acute alcoholism by the surgeon. Welling-ton told one of the keepers that he had not drawn a sober breath for six years.

OBITUARY.

Anna, the widow of Charles Hewitt, died or Vednesday at Mercer Hospital, in Trenton, N. J., where she was under treatment for paralysis. She was 76 years old. Mrs. Hewitt's rusband was President of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Contuany. He was a brother of ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt of New York city. Five children survive—William Hewitt of Tren-ton, Robert Hewitt of Hackensack, Conrad Hewitt of New York, Mrs. William H. Mumper, and Miss Lulu Hewitt of Trenton. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 2:30.

will take place this afternoon at 2:30.

Miss Clara V. W. Watson died on Wednesday night at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marston Watson. in Mount Pleasant avenue, West Orange. She had been ill but a few hours. She was the Treasurer for the Oranges of the Red Cross Auxiliary No. 3 for the Maintenance of Trained Nurses. She was a member of the New York branch and always attended its meetings. She collected nearly \$1,000 during the war and originated the placing of "mite boxes" in stores for the collection of funds. She was 32 years of age.

Mrs. Susan Sanders, aged 107, died yesterday in the house in which she was born, on Chuckey River, in Watauga Valley, Tenn. She was a relative of John Sevier, first Governor of Tennessee, and had many souvenirs of the battle of Kings Mountain.

Mrs. Elien T. Bradley, the mother of Deputy Sheriff John J. Bradley of Brooklyn, died yes-terday in her seventy-fourth year at her home, 54 North First street. She was born in Ireland.

Asa Zabriskie Missing. RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 24.-All efforts to get some clue to the whereabouts of Asa Zabriskie. a brother of Judge David D. Zabriskie, have

was in a very prosperous condition Court Calendars This Day. Appellate Division—Supreme Court.—Motions. Or-rs. Nos. 15, 1, 10, 16, 31, 7, 87, 88, 89, 41, 42, 48,

failed. He disappeared on Nov. 4. He is about 40 years of age and a bachelor. He is an um-brella manufacturer in New York. His absence cannot be attributed to financial matters, for

Appellate Division—Supreme Court —Motions. Orders. Nos. 15, 1, 10, 13, 17, 87, 88, 89, 41, 42, 48, 48. Supreme Court—Special Terru.—Part I.—Motion calendar called at 10:30 A. M. Part II.—Court opens at 10:30 A. M.—Ex-parts matters. Part III.—Case unfinished.—Motions. Demurrers. Nos. 84, 859, 861. Profesred causes—Nos. 2130, 2140, 2242, 2028, 2236. Profesred causes—Nos. 2130, 2140, 2242, 2028, 2136. Profesred causes—Nos. 2130, 2140, 2242, 2028, 2136. Profesred causes—Nos. 2130, 2140, 2242, 2028, 2140, 2242, 2028, 2140, 2141, 2141, 2147, 2149, 2141, 2147, 2149, 2141, 2147, 2149, 2149



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Green Goods King McNally Out of Jail. JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 24.-Jim McNally, "King of he Green Goods Men." passed out of the Illinola State Penitentiary to-day in time to eat his Thanksgiving dinner as a free man. He was convicted of violating the postal laws and sent there from Chicago for three years in May, 1895. McNally was the most celebrated "green goods man" the country has ever known. William T. Stead of London, in his book "It Christ Came to Chicago," devoted a chapter to "King McNally."

Found Drowned in East River.

A drowned man about 50 years old, 5 feet 4 nches tall and of light complexion, wearing a black diagonal coat and light overcoat, was found yesterday in the East River at the foot of Bridge street, Brooklyn.

John Kelly of 261 West Thirteenth street called at the Morgue last night and identified the man as Michael McDermott, his brother in-law.

